VOL. I. JUNE, 1898. NO. 8.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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LITTLE FOLKS

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POLLY.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I. JUNE, 1898. No. 8.

WHEN POLLY PICKS THE PEAS.

WHEN Polly goes a-picking peas,
She wears a white sunbonnet,
And on her arm a bright tin pail
With "Pure Leaf Lard" upon it;
She has her mother's apron, too,
It hangs from neck to toe;
She wears it hind-side-'fore because
It's more becoming so.

When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She takes her eldest daughter,
For every doll should learn to work—
It can't be too soon taught her;
If dolly doesn't want to go,
She sometimes drops behind;
This hinders Polly, picking peas,
She takes so long to find.

When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She carries bread and butter,
And many little bugs and flies
Around her luncheon flutter;
And one big toad, beneath a leaf,
Looks on and takes his ease;
He likes not sun, and never helps
Our Polly pick the peas.

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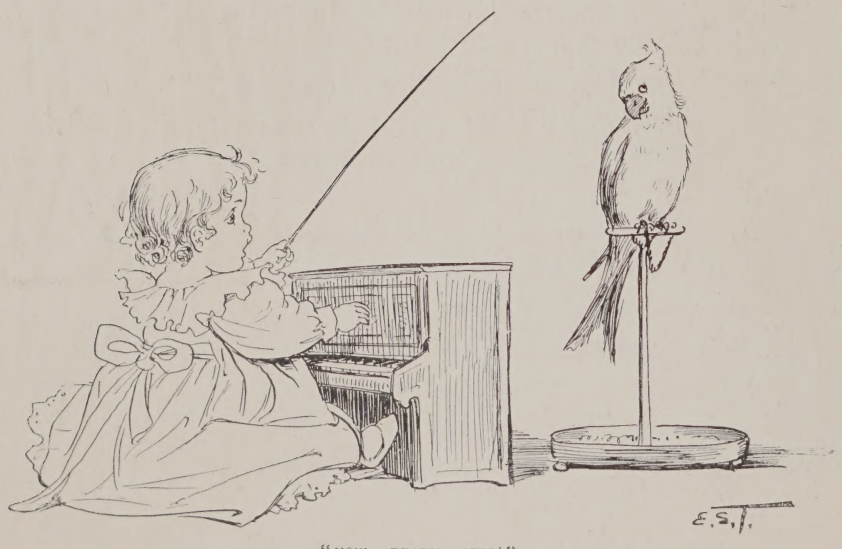
When Polly goes a-picking peas,
She sometimes comes back running;
"I put the cover on my pail,
Because there's something cunning
That walked right in! Don't joggle me,
Nor shake the pail, nor shout!"
She lifts the cover up, and lets
A gran'ther-long-legs out.

When Polly goes a-picking peas,
It really is quite funny
That though the garden's full of vines,
And though the day is sunny,
She only brings back dusty hands,
Torn apron and scratched knees,
And in the little shining pail
Four peapods and five peas!

Eleanor W. F. Bates.



"NOW — READY — SING!"

ONE HEN CAME RUNNING FORWARD.

DONALD'S GOOD HEN.

CHAPTER II. — JEHOSAPHAT.

DONALD'S breath was almost gone when he came bumping up like a little flying scud, against the stone wall. Wildly he began to climb it, looking back all the time as he scrambled up, at the big sheep with horns, less than a rod away. Oh, if only sheep couldn't climb walls! And perhaps they couldn't!

But Donald didn't stop to see. He just pitched himself, headlong, down from the wall. The next minute he plunged into a marshy hole, and sunk in, almost up to his knees. But he pulled his little wet feet out and ran, ran like a little scared deer, giving a frightened yelp at each forward leap.

Sheep may not be able to climb over stone walls, but they can jump over, as this one showed. He did it, though, only after he had tried several times, for he was a heavy old sheep. And after he got over he plunged into the same marshy hole where Donald had, and he fell down, too, in getting out.

All this was in Donald's favor, and the little fellow moved over the meadow as if he were on wings.

The nearest of the farm buildings down on the meadow was the hen-house. It had a yard, with a fence of wire-netting. The door of the yard was open now, and the fowls were scattering out over the grass. Suddenly one group of them was roused from its bug hunt by a child in kilts who seemed to be coming straight down upon them. There rose a great cackling and fluttering and scattering, but still on came little Donald, with the old sheep jumping along just behind, his horns twisting about in a very ugly way! And then happened one of the strangest things that ever was seen!

While the other hens were running and flying in various directions wildly, one hen — a large shining white one, with beautiful yellow eyes and legs and a curling bright-red comb — came running forward, straight toward the ram, with her wings spread, exactly as though she were trying to head him off.

In fact, this was what the shining white hen did accomplish. For she came on so steadily, and cackled so sharply and so fast, that she confused the ram and made him veer out of his course, and he was so very angry about it that he stopped stock-still and shook his bad old head at her.

Little Donald saw the scene over his shoulder, but he didn't stop running. Past the hen-house he fleeted, and then saw Levi, the hired man, carrying a pail of water into the barn.

"Le-e-vi! Le-e-vi!" he screeched, with the last effort of his poor little breath, and pitched forward in an exhausted little heap of torn kilts and bleeding knees and shaking little arms and legs, into the grass.

Big strong Levi heard the miserable cry. The pail of water went rolling down into the barn-yard, and around the corner Levi came rushing. He saw what was the matter, and he took off his palm-leaf hat, and began to run toward the angry old sheep, shaking the hat, and throwing stones, so that he turned him back toward the pasture. But Jehosaphat — the ram's name was Jehosaphat — could not jump the wall going this way, and Levi had to follow him and take him around by the bars.

By this time Levi's shouts and the uproar of the hens had brought out good Mrs. Corey and Leah, the hired girl. They

gave a great cry when they saw one of their little city boarders lying with his face down in the grass, and his clothes almost torn off him. But the next minute they discovered Levi driving old Jehosaphat, and they knew what had happened.

"There!" said Mrs. Corey. "I told Mr. Corey we ought to sell that old fellow if we were going to have children come here! I cal'c'lated on telling Mrs. Burden to not let 'em go up in the pasture—but who'd expect a child to be out and up there the first morning before breakfast!"

Mrs. Corey was carrying Donald into the house. He hadn't fainted, but was moaning, and drawing long sighs, and seemed to quiver all over, and she left the breakfast to Leah and sat down with him, to rock him, and soothe him.

"You musn't cry, Donald," she said to him, "for it will frighten your mother. Besides it's all over now, and we will sell that old Jehosaphat! He jumped the wall, and ran after *me*, once, Donald."

"O, did he?" said Donald, sitting up, and appearing to feel encouraged. And soon he said he would go up stairs.

(Mr. Corey put a poke on Jehosaphat that very day, so that he could no longer jump over walls; and in about a week he was sold. All the family said, "Good Riddance!" when Jehosaphat went off.)

Donald was able to come down to breakfast, and at table he told about his adventure. "And, oh," he said, "you should have seen the hen that flew at the sheep! I looked back and saw her go right at him!"

"It probably didn't know what it was doing, poor thing!" said Mrs. Corey. "Hens will fly 'most any way when they are scared."

"I think it knew what it was doing," said Donald. "I think it meant to help me get away from the sheep."

Mr. Corey did not think, any more than Mrs. Corey did, that the hen had known what it was doing, but he saw that Donald believed that it had. "I guess I shall have to give you that hen," he said.

Donald's tired little face beamed. "O, I'd like that!" he said.

"All right," said Mr. Corey. "You can have her. I give her to you now, right here. But you must feed her and look after her."

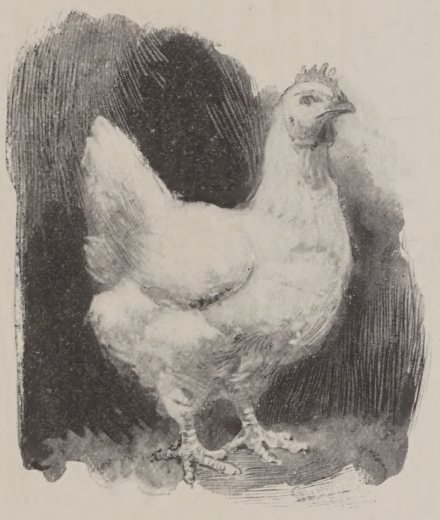
And Donald promised that he would.

"What will you call her, Donald?" asked Mrs. Burden. "She must have a name."

Donald thought, a moment. "I will go out and look at her awhile, and see what name will fit to her," he said.

After breakfast, Mrs. Corey mixed some "chicken-feed," and went out to show Donald how to feed his hen. He found he could not feed her by herself, so he fed the whole flock. There were about twenty-five hens and roosters, and about fifty chickens, all sizes. But nearly all were grey Plymouth Rocks, and he had no difficulty in picking out his shining white one.

Donald decided to call his hen "Curly Comb." From that time on, he so petted her that she seemed to love him. She let him carry her about in his arms for hours at a time. She often stepped along behind him all over the yard and meadow, and she would come sometimes and sit down where he and Oscar were at play.



THE SHINING WHITE HEN.

One day a farmer, named Mr. Ballard, drove into the yard. His little boy, Tommy, was with him. As Mr. Ballard had to stop awhile on business with Mr. Corey, Mrs. Corey told Tommy that he could go out in the front yard and play with Donald and Oscar.

Often, afterwards, Donald wished that Tommy Ballard had staid at home that day. And no doubt Tommy himself often wished so, too.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kate Upson Clark.

HOW SWEETHEART KEPT STILL.

"TAKE ME HOME WIV YOU!"

SWEETHEART came trotting up by my side. She had her rag-doll Betsey in one hand, and with the other she took mine.

"Please take me home wiv you," she said in her sweetest little way. I *had* to answer, "Yes, dear," though I added, "I mean I will, if you will keep very still. Auntie has to work at her desk."

"I'll keep 'till," said Sweetheart, "I'll keep 'till so as a little mouse."

"Well, Sweetheart, keep still *now*, for Auntie has to *think!*"

She did, for so much as a minute. Then she heard a hand-organ.

"Auntie, don't you think that's *so* pretty music? All 'e trees are clapping their leaves 'cause that's *so* pretty music!

"Auntie, what you think! God made 'e trees. Papa telled me that God made everything in the world. God didn't make my dolly, 'cause *you* made it.

"Auntie, when we go to heaven, we'll take Betsey. She'll be lovely angel! dolly angel! Auntie, let's get Betsey little bit of dolly-Bible.

"Oh, I hear little bird sing! Maybe little bird thinks, 'I will build nest pretty soon!' Auntie, I love that little bird! Why I love it is 'cause it's so dear.

"Auntie, what you think! I tumbled down stairs other day. My head went bump, bump, bump."

Sweetheart and I had come to my house now. I led Sweetheart up in my study, and took off her red cloak and furry white "kitty hood," and set her in a chair with a picture-book.

"Now, Sweetheart," I said, "you know you are going to keep still."

"Yes-ma'am. I keep 'till. Auntie, when I was little bit of baby I couldn't say 'yes-ma'am.' I used to say 'Hah!' Now I say 'Yes-ma'am.'"

"You are a dear, big girl," said I, looking down at the mite. "But you *must* be quiet now, for Auntie has to write."

"Yes-ma'am," said Sweetheart.

I had written only three lines when a warm little hand touched my wrist.

A WARM LITTLE HAND TOUCHED MY WRIST.

"Auntie, see kitty. Kitty thinks, 'I go catch a mouse.' She's a nice kitty; don't make noise; dus' walks on tiptoe, so as not to scare 'e little mouses.

"Auntie, see this little red ap-pul. Little red ap-pul tumbled down, bump, bump, bump, dus' like I. Sweetheart ran quick, picked little red ap-pul up. Now little red ap-pul feels better. I shan't eat *dis* little ap-pul. It's my dear little baby ap-pul.

"Auntie, I saw man had a wooden leg. Where do you suppose his really leg was? Auntie, wouldn't it be funny if my little dog had some wooden foots? He'd have to go plup, plup, plup, on 'e ground.

"Auntie, I haven't been to your house for so long time o' day. Auntie, what you write for? Auntie, why I want to talk to you all time is 'cause I love you so."

The little round cheek was close against mine. She was very sweet and dear.

But how could I do my work?

I tied on the "kitty hood" again and took Sweetheart home.

As she pattered cheerfully along at my side, she said, "Auntie, Betsey so shy. She don't sing, don't talk, don't look. She dus' sees people through her fingers. Auntie, what we do to Betsey 'cause she so shy? I guess by-*an*-by Betsey grow big as me. Then Betsey talk. I guess so. Hah! What you think, Auntie!"

Bertha E. Bush.

A MERRY CAN.

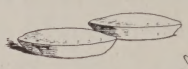
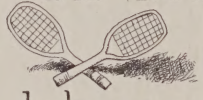
"I CAN fly kites, oh—awful high
Away up higher than the sky!"
Thus Bobbieboy began.
"You *can!*" said I—with quick surprise
At Bobbieboy's indignant eyes.
Cried he: "I'm *not* a can!"

Then laughing at his queer mistake,
I said, "My word I never break;
So, Bobbieboy, my man,
A 'can' you are, a 'can' were born,
But yet a 'can' we do not scorn—
For you're A-mer-i-can!"

G. Herbert Clarke.

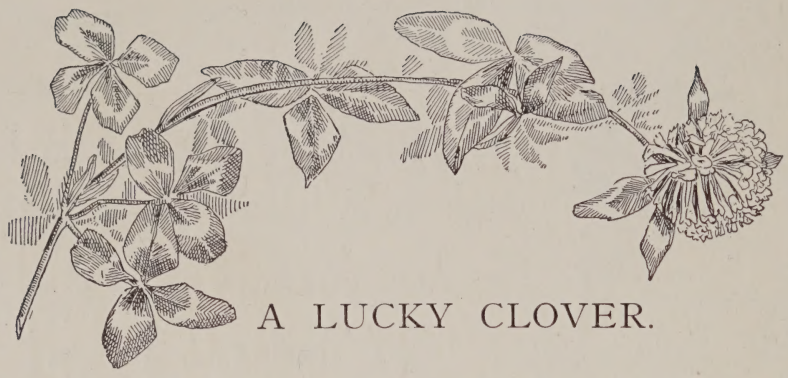
What did the Black Cat do? Guess!

VIII

Nathan was a very, very little boy, and he was tired of making sand  with a of water, a tin , and some earthen . Polly and Fred and Tom had gone off with their  and to play tennis. The baby was asleep, and Nurse was helping Cook in the kitchen. Prissy was practising in the parlor, and Mamma was lying down on the upstairs. Then Nathan saw that the front was open. What fun to take a walk alone! So down the road he went, and under the into a field full of flowers. He picked all the his hands would hold. Then he wanted to go home. But—where was home?

Poor little lost Nathan! He sat down on a and began to cry. "Mi-aou!" said something close beside him. And there was the ! He was hunting in the field. "Kitty, kitty!" cried Nathan. "I want to go home!" Did the understand? At home they had just missed Nathan. They looked for him everywhere, down the and up the . Then they found the open gate, and the little footprints, and were just starting out for a hunt, when they saw a small black object coming down the road, and behind it a very, very little boy with on his feet, and with no on his head. How they praised and petted Puss when they heard Nathan's story! For what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.



A LUCKY CLOVER.

"I AM *so* small! *so* small!" sighed a Clover Plant. She stood alone, by herself, among the coarse grasses of a wide meadow.

"I could grow larger were I away from these great meadow sedges—how they crowd over me! There are my sisters beside the bars on the slope of the upland—they are large and strong, and beautiful. Well, I must make the best of it. I think perhaps I should grow my stems longer, so that my leaves may reach up into the sunshine."

"You'll have good luck," a Twist Flower said, looking at the Clover Plant over her shoulder. "I have met a few people like you; they always prosper."

The Clover Plant worked away, taking to herself all the dew and sun she could, not a little comforted and encouraged by her kind neighbor, the Twist Flower.

A little boy and girl were talking. They were moving about over the meadow, as if searching for something among the grasses.

"You know," said Nell, "that papa himself said that the jeweler will pay fifty cents a dozen for four-leafed clovers, if only they are small enough. Tom, if we can find just four more we shall have a whole dozen!"

The Twist Flower heard what the little girl said.

"Come here, come here, look at my friend!" she called; "she has treasures for you!"

But the children did not understand, perhaps because the Twist Flower pointed in so many directions at the same time.

By-and-by Nell tripped in a weed tangle, and fell plump down beside the Clover Plant that stood among the sedges.

"Tom, look here!" Nell cried out. "Here are *three* four-leaved clovers—and *such* tiny ones!"

The Clover Plant's three little four-leaved stems were gathered carefully, and carried away to a pretty house and pressed in a great book in the library.

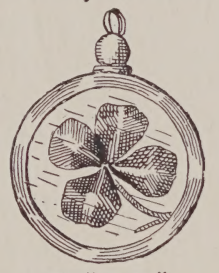
After a few days Nell came into the library and opened the book.

"What is going to happen to us next?" thought the clovers.

The three were taken carefully out, and laid in a slender little pink box, and with nine more were carried to a jeweller in a great city.

"These three are just right," said the jeweller, after he had laid our little three by themselves. "But the others you have brought are too large for my purpose."

So Nell and Tom did not get fifty cents, but they were happy with just a bright new ten-cent silver piece.



THE "CHARM."

And the three tiny four-leaved clovers—what do you think next happened to them?

They were each put into a beautiful small gold case, with clear crystal glasses over them, and were sold to fashionable ladies to wear as "charms."

Whether the little clovers charmed anyone or not, I cannot tell you, but I know they themselves were very much prized and cared for, and were kept for many years.

All that first winter, while the Clover Plant slept under her snow puffs, dreaming dreams of summer, her dear little gold-mounted leaves went to balls and operas and sat at rich tables with great people, and heard great singers and speakers, and saw great pictures, and had no end of good times.

O, lucky happy Mother Clover!

Annie Chase.

THE COASTING THERE IS VERY NICE.

THE HILL OF CELLAR-DOOR.

I KNOW a hill not far away
Where children always love to play;
The hill is straight, and smooth, and low—
For little folks 'tis better so.

The coasting there is very nice,
Without the cold of snow and ice;
You slide in summer, fall, or spring,
But need not bother sleds to bring.

It is the safest hill I've found;
Sometimes you tumble to the ground,
But 'tis not far you have to fall,
And would not hurt a child at all.

It's very near your home, and so
Your mother'll always let you go,
For then she knows you're right near by
And she can hear you if you cry.

So up you scramble, down you slide,
And oh, you have a jolly ride;
You always want to play some more
Upon the Hill of Cellar-Door.

Annie Willis McCullough.

LITTLE TOM REED'S CIRCUS.

THE ICE CREAM ELEPHANT.

POOR little Tom Reed, who was only seven, had been very ill, and was even now too weak to stand alone, and Mr. Barnum's circus was coming.

Tom's big brother Harry had seen the circus in another place and written the children about the wonderful drove of elephants, and Mr. Reed had promised Tom and Elsie they should go when it came to town—and Elsie *was* going.

Elsie was nine, and she felt very sorry for her brother only seven. She put her arm around him. "Don't cry, Tom," she said. (You see, Tom was crying.) "I'll tell you every single thing about it, and the circus'll be here again, sometime, don't you know. I wouldn't cry."

"I guess you'd cry," said poor Tom, pushing her away a little roughly, "if you were sick and had to stay at home from everything."

"I *know* I should," said truthful Elsie, after a minute. "It's just too bad that man wouldn't sell papa that picture for you, of the elephants sitting on their hind legs."

"Was it Mr. Barnum his own self wouldn't sell it to us?" asked Tom.

"No," said Elsie, "Mr. Barnum himself hasn't come yet—it was a man who had it in his store, in his show-window. He told papa it wasn't his, and he couldn't sell it."

"Well," said Tom, "when Mr. Barnum his own self comes, papa can ask him if he won't sell it to us, cause I'm sick."

"Y-e-s," said Elsie, "only I don't think just common people could ever get to speak to Mr. Barnum, he's so very busy a man."

"What is it Mr. Barnum his own self has to do?" asked Tom.

"O," said Elsie, "he has that lot of elephants to drive, and he has to be the clown, and all sorts of things. But Tommy dear, we can write a letter, you and I, and ask him to sell the picture to us. A letter won't trouble him."

This seemed to so cheer up Tom, that Elsie brought her paper and pencil at once, and sat down close by Tom's lounge, at a table. "I'm ready," she said, "what shall I say?"

"O, just tell him I'm sick, and ask if papa can buy the picture."

"But I ought to *begin* it first," said Elsie, "and say I hope he is very well, or something."

"Naw, you oughtn't either," said Tom, in great contempt, "just write him a business letter! Go right to the point, you know!"

Elsie took up her pencil and tried to go right to the point. She, as well as Master Tom, had heard her father talk about "going right to the point," and she knew what Tom meant. But it took some time and a good deal of writing.

When the letter was finished she called her mother in, and told her their plan, and gave her the letter to read. Mrs. Reed didn't laugh, nor object, as they both had feared she would. She said she hoped Mr. Barnum would sell them the picture, and she didn't speak of making any corrections, nor of re-writing the letter—bless her heart!

This was the letter:

"Deer Mr. Barnum, deer sur.

Tom is sick, and he can only sit up by the windur, and he is so soory he can't go to your cirkus and see your elafunts. Harry told us about your cirkus in some other plaise, where he saw it. We want to buy the pickture of your elafunts in a store down town, because Tom is sick, but the man says it is yours. If you please, will you tell him to sell it to my father so Tom can see how they look, because he is sick. We live on Elm street, in a big white house, and my name is Elsie Reed, and Tom's name is Tom Reed. Please give orderrs to sell us the elafunts' pickture. Your very affecshunate little friends,

Elsie and Tom."

The little Reeds thought they should have a letter the next day. But no answer came.

"I suppose Mr. Barnum is too busy to write to children," said Elsie, but she sighed and wished that he had written, for Tom was *so* disappointed. She even offered to stay at home with Tom, but Tom said, "Oh, no, Elsie—that would be foolisher than anything, for there would be nobody to tell me about it! And besides I should be—what is it, mama?"

"A dog in the manger," said Mrs. Reed, "who couldn't eat hay and wouldn't let the cows eat because *he* couldn't."

"Well, I couldn't be a dog-in-the-manger, could I, mama?"

"Indeed, I hope not," said his mother, smiling.

Circus day came, bright and gay as circus days generally are in the middle of June, and Tom felt miserable when he saw Elsie go out of the gate with her father. But he cheered up, after a while, when his mother sat down by the lounge and read him a lovely story about the noble elephants in their own home in India. And at last he said, "What a shame, mama, to catch them and chain them up, and make them just things for us to to see in a circus!"

"I have thought so too, often," said Tom's mother.

It seemed but a moment to Tom, when his mother spoke again. "Wake up, Tom!"

And what was it in his mother's hand?

A white elephant, on a pink plate. A beautiful white ele-

phant, of ice cream, standing on a pink plate, looking delicious.

"Here is your circus, Tom," laughed his mother, "sit up and eat it."

Tom ate the delicious elephant, and very soon after Elsie and her father came. Elsie talked so fast that Tom took no notice that his father sat looking intently out the window.

TOM SAW ELSIE GO OUT OF THE GATE.

All at once Mr. Reed spoke. "Let me help you over here, Tom, and then I want you to look down the street. There—now what's that coming?"

Tom fairly shouted, in his weak little voice. "An elephant! Papa, he's run away from the circus—and, oh see! there's another one coming! They've got loose from the circus, some way, papa!"

"I'll go out, and inquire about it," said Mr. Reed. Elsie ran down stairs too.

Tom saw his father open the big gate, into the driveway which went all the way around the house. The first elephant, with a man on his back, walked right into the yard and stood there. Behind him came the other elephant that Tom had seen, and there were three or four more, all with men on their backs. At the very end marched a little elephant, and his man walked beside him.

Tom was too astonished to speak, and so was Mrs. Reed. The man who rode the first elephant looked up at the window

and smiled. Then he poked his elephant a little, in the side of his neck, with his stick, and the elephant walked up close to the house and stood still directly under the window. Then the man looked up and smiled at Tom again.

"Mr. Tom Reed," said he, "Mr. Barnum has sent his elephants out here because you were sick and couldn't come to the circus. They will show you some of their tricks if you would like to have them."

"Oh!" said Tom. That was the only word at his command.

A man got out of a carriage which had followed the elephants into the yard. With a small whip in his hand he walked up in front of the great mouse-colored creatures, and stood still—but first he looked up and nodded at Tom.

The next minute little Tom Reed was in the very midst of a circus! Each elephant curled his long trunk around the man who sat on him and lifted him down and placed him on the ground. The man with the whip gave another order and all the elephants sat up on their hind legs.

Tom clapped his hands at the row of gentle monsters, and the crowd out in the street cheered—for *such* a crowd had followed on after the elephants! But none came inside, for the men stood at the gate to keep them back. It was just little Tom Reed's circus.

After that the elephants drank out of bottles, and rang bells, and played they were all dead. And suddenly there was a clown there, under Tom's window, in funny baggy trousers, and he had a very white face and a very wide red mouth. When Tom saw him, he remembered what Elsie had said, and he leaned his curly brown head out and called down:

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Barnum, thank you!"

Beyond the driveway was a big beautiful pond. It was *very* big, so big that Tom and Elsie had boats on it. A man had been sitting in a carriage all this time, where he could see happy little Tom at the window, and Mr. Reed had been talking with him. This man now pointed to the pond, and Mr. Reed nodded and smiled.

Soon an elephant, his keeper by his side, walked into the

"OH, THANK YOU, MR. BARNUM," CRIED TOM.

pond and—such fun!—took up a lot of water in his trunk and showered it over his head and his back, grunting with delight. In a moment or two, he had to come out, though he did not wish to, and let another elephant go in. All the elephants went in, but each had to wait for his turn. The baby elephant went in last, and *he* just frisked!

After all were out, they sat up in a row once more, and this time they made funny bows to Tom, and waved him goodbyes with their trunks in a very grand way, and Tom waved them goodbyes too, and made a fine bow to the clown.

"Goodbye, Mr. Barnum! Goodbye! You're the kindest man I ever saw!"

The beautiful circus, crowd and all, disappeared slowly down the street, and then little Tom sank into the chair by the window, too tired out with pleasure to speak.

Next day, a very large flat package was left at the door. It was for Tom and Elsie. In the midst of great excitement the strings were cut, and the wrappings taken off. It was the picture of the elephants, and on the margin, under the glass, was written these words:

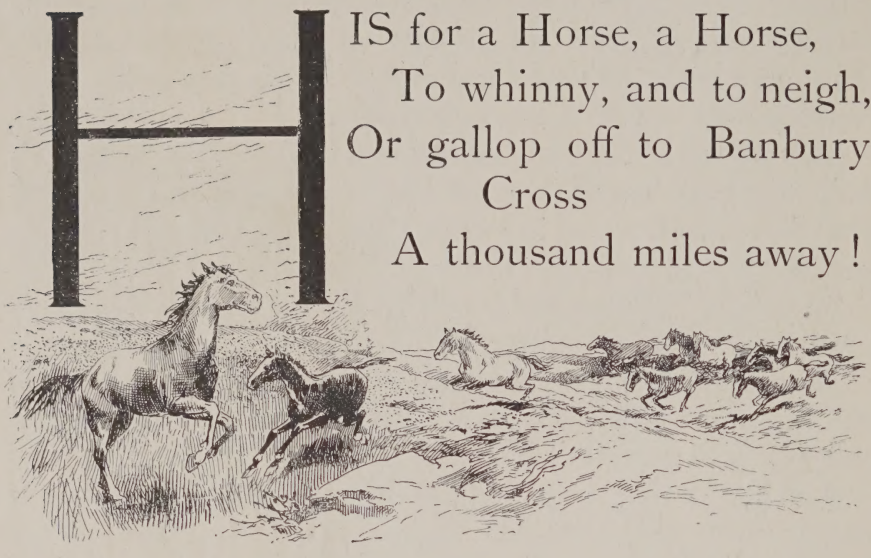
To Tom and Elsie.
With the Compliments of Barnum's Circus.

Tom and Elsie are grown-up people now. But in Tom's office, down town, hangs the big picture of the sitting elephants, framed just as Barnum's Circus sent it.

Katharine B. Foot.

MORE GROTESQUEMAUX.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



H IS for a Horse, a Horse,
To whinny, and to neigh,
Or gallop off to Banbury Cross
A thousand miles away!

(Mama's Horse Talk.)

"I THINK," said Dot, "that *I* would rather have a pony." "*I* wouldn't," said Tom, "*I* want a grown-up horse. "And *I'd* rather have a centaur than either," cried Will. (The children were playing at the pleasant pastime of wishing.)

"What's a centaur?" asked Dot. "Oh, a wonderful creature the old Greeks knew about, half man and half horse—he could carry me horse-back, and when we stopped he could turn his head and talk to me—just think!" exclaimed Will.

"Oh, mama, *mama!*" cried Dot, "are there any centaurs?" "If ever there were," said I, smiling, "I think they must have left us when the fairies did—indeed, I rather think the very last fairies rode away on the back of the last centaur!" Dot looked puzzled, while the boys laughed.

"Have men always had tame horses?" asked Tom. "Not always, or everywhere," I replied. "The earliest peoples in the old world knew about horses, and hunted them for food, but did not tame them for riding. The Indians had no horses when

Columbus discovered America; and so, when the native Mexicans first saw the Spaniards horse-back, they thought man and horse one strange and fearful animal—very like Will's centaur."

A CENTAUR.

"Where," asked Dot, "do the children's horses, the dear little Shetland ponies, come from?" "Their home," said I, "is over across the Atlantic, north of Scotland, in the Shetland Isles—a hundred little rocky treeless islands.

"A friend, who visited a pony ranch on Noss Island, told me there was only one house, the keeper's house. He had two children and two hundred ponies—a hundred apiece for them to ride, if they could catch them!" "Oh!" cried Dot. "And the tiny horses, some hardly larger than Newfoundland dogs, had no barn, but were left out in all weathers, summer and winter—no wonder they grow shaggy fur coats to keep warm in! There are about five thousand ponies in all the islands."

"THE CHILDREN'S HORSES."

BOBBY'S KITE-TAIL.

"KATE!" said Bobby. "Kate!"

But Kate was reading, and only shook her head. She was a big girl, and Bobby was only a little boy.

Kate never liked to be spoken to when she was reading, if it were a story.

"Kate!" said Bobby again. "I want a tail for my kite, Kate."

"O, go away, please Bobby. I have'nt anything for a tail for your kite."

"Mama said you would have, up in your room," insisted Bobby, in a grieved tone.

"She said there was some red stuff," Bobby went on, for Kate made no answer.

But Kate had just reached the fairy prince in the story and she did not want to stop.

"In a minute," she said, dreamily.

Bobby waited, and watched the great white clouds through the window, and tried not to squeak his shoes, though all the time the wind threatened to go down, and the clock in the hall kept telling him that the lovely June afternoon was going. Still Kate did not move.

Bobby drew a long breath. "Kate," he said. "Is n't it most a minute?"

"Oh, Bobby, what *do* you want?"

"A kite-tail," said Bobby.

"Well, can't you get it for yourself, dear?" said Kate.

"In your room?" asked Bobby. "Can I get the red stuff mama spoke of?"

"Yes, take anything, only don't bother, there's a dear." And Kate went back to her book. It was her friend Margaret's book, and Margaret was coming for it that evening, and Kate wanted to finish it.

Bobby tip-toed out of the room, and up the stairs, and when he had found the "red stuff" he went out behind the barn and made a beautiful long tail to his kite, and then he tried to fly it

and could not, until John the gardener helped him. It was a very large kite, and it went up very high, after John once got it started, and Bobby had a blissfully happy afternoon, sitting on a fence rail holding the string with the great kite tugging away at the other end.

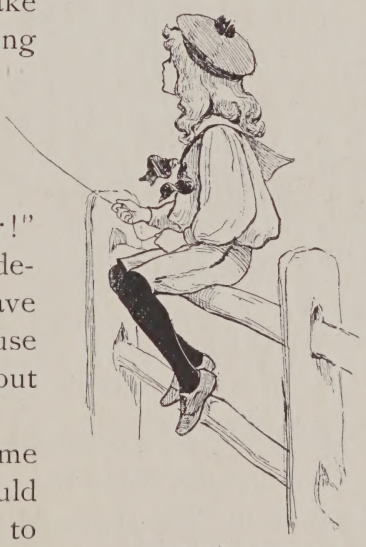
Kate finished her book just as the sun was thinking about setting, and she laid it down to watch the pink clouds. "Dear little Bobby," she said to herself. "I hope he found his 'red stuff.' I suppose mama meant that turkey-red calico in my piece-bag."

Just then she heard his gay little voice outside the window talking to little Frances.

"Did you *see* how high she went?" he was saying. "She's the best kite *I* ever had."

"But, oh, Bobby, is n't that Kate's new red sash you made the tail of?" said the little girl. "What 'll she say?"

"Maybe it is," said Bobby. "I found it lying on the bed in her room. But Kate told me to take *anything*, and this was the first thing I found. I guess it's all right." And away went Bobby, whistling, with his beautiful kite.



BOBBY WAS HAPPY.

Kate leaned quickly out of the window and was going to say, "Oh, dear!" But she didn't. She knew she deserved it, because she ought to have gone up stairs with Bobby, and because mama had told her that morning to put the red sash away in its box.

No, Kate was not the sister to blame a little boy for a mishap which she could have prevented. She never spoke to Bobby about the sash. And as Bobby didn't speak about it either, nothing ever was said about it. All the same, Kate learned a lesson.

Etheldred B. Barry.

WHO LIVES IN THE BIG STONE HOUSE?

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

ROBBIE SAW TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

JUST down the road from Robbie's home there was a beautiful big stone house in a beautiful garden of flowers.

But no one lived in the big stone house and all of the doors were locked.

And often, very often when Robbie was walking with his father he would look at this empty house and say, "Why doesn't some one live in the big stone house, papa? I wish some little boys or girls would come and live here."

And his father would say, "Yes, the dear old house seems lonely without any children looking out of the windows or running about in the garden."

But one day when they were out walking Robbie said, "Oh, look at the big stone house, papa! All of the windows are open, and all of the doors are open!"

And his father said, "Why, so they are! Why, so they are! Now your wish has come true, dear little Booboo, for some one has come to live here!"

And Robbie said, "Oh, I wonder if there are any little boys or girls who will come and play with me!"

And his father said, "Look, look, there are two little girls running around the flower beds!"

And Robbie looked through the big iron gate into the beautiful garden, and there he saw two little girls, two dear little girls running around the flower beds!

And he called to them, "Little girls, little girls are you going to live in the big stone house?"

"COME AGAIN!" CALLED THE PARROT.

And the little girls stopped running and looked at Robbie. And one of them had blue eyes and one of them had brown eyes, but they were dressed alike, and they looked alike and both had golden curls.

And Robbie called again, "Little girls, little girls are you going to live in the big stone house?"

And one of the little girls called, "Yes, we came from way, way, away to live here, and this is our home."

And the other little girl called, "Yes, we came from way, way, away to live here, and this is our home."

And then they came running down the garden path and stood

just inside the big iron gate and looked at Robbie. And one had blue eyes and one had brown eyes, but they were dressed alike and they looked alike and both had golden curls.

And Robbie said, "Will you come up to my house and play with me?"

And one of the little girls said, "Yes, I'll come if my mamma will let me."

And then the other little girl said, "Yes, I'll come if my mamma will let me."

And Robbie's father said, "You dear little girls! What are your names, my dears?"

And one little girl said, "My name is Arabella."

And the other little girl said, "My name is Araminta."

And Robbie said, "I'm glad you've come to the big stone house to live and play with me."

Just then a parrot, a big green parrot came hopping down the garden walk. And he put his head on one side and then on the other, and he said, "Mother wants you, Arabella. Mother wants you, Araminta. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

And oh how Robbie laughed, and oh how his father laughed.

But away the little girls ran, with a hop skip and jump up the garden walk and into the big stone house.

And then as Robbie and his father went down the road, hand in hand, to their own dear home, the parrot flew up on the gate and called, "Come again, come again!"

But all that Robbie could talk about, and all that Robbie could think about were the dear little girls who had come to live in the big stone house.

These dear little girls you know.

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

SAID a little brown bee,
"I've gone the town over,
And my very best honey
I get from the clover."

THE DOLLS' NIGHT RIDE.

THE RIDDLE OF THE OTHER ONE.

TWO little folks stood under a tree—
Can you guess the riddle before it is done?—
Up ran The Other One! That made *three?*
No, only *two*, if you wait and see!
How many little folks ought there to be?
How would you reckon The Other One?

Off they went scampering, Bessie and Will—
Can you guess the riddle before it is done?—
While over the field, and down the hill,
The Other One followed their laughter shrill!
Never a moment their tongues were still,
But not a word said The Other One!

So hot the sun on the meadow lay—
Can you guess the riddle before it is done?—
Yet The Other One wore, through all his play,
A tight fur coat!—Now, what do you say?
Yes, you may wonder, but that was the way,
Always the way with The Other One!

Oh, you are laughing! Yes, *now* you see!
You can guess the riddle before it is done!
Two little folks there would surely be,
Willy and Bess would make *two*, not *three!*
For The Other One, just a dog was he,
And Spot was the name of The Other One!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A CHANCE MEETING.

IF you walked — let us say in Peru —
And you met a big two-hornèd gnu,
And he said, "What a treat!
You look perfectly sweet!"
Pray what do you think you would do?

M. E. B.

SOME NEW SCRAP-BOOKS.

FOR children's quiet indoor amusement no new invention can ever outrival the old-time device of the scrap-book.

But the modern scrap-book may be a thing of beauty once undreamed of. Let only the thoughtful mother collect for her children the illustrations of periodical and advertising literature, especially publisher's holiday catalogues, constantly pouring into the house through the mails, and the little folks will have a rich store from which to draw when the rainy day comes.

On looking over the material in hand it will be easy to sort it in a way which will form the basis for *a series of books* on different subjects.

For instance, a delightful *book of travel* may be made of pictures cut from railway guide-books, Cook's and Raymond's itinerary books and Harper's and Leslie's weeklies.

An *historical scrap-book* may include a variety of pictures: portraits of presidents and generals, pictures of public buildings, as the Capitol at Washington, Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington, etc.; also warships, soldiers, monuments and the like.

A *book of animals* is a very attractive subject for boys, and may become a veritable menagerie containing the cats, dogs, horses, lions and barn-yard fowl which are so numerous in periodicals, advertisements and calendars.

In a rather more ambitious line would be *art scrap-books* devoted to particular artists, old masters or living painters, from Raphael to Rosa Bonheur. Of course the child's first interest in these depends chiefly upon the pleasing variety of the collection; but with a little help, he may perhaps be led to an interest in the person and character of the artist. In any case familiarity with masterpieces can not fail to make an impression upon the child's growing taste.

Perhaps the most interesting scrap-book which can be made is an *illustrated life*

(*Continued on page ii.*)

THE GREAT
FAMILY REMEDY

THE STANDARD AND ORIGINAL.

DR. HUBBARD'S
Vegetable
Germicide

This Compound is
GUARANTEED
To do what we advertise, and has proved the most effective agent known to science for the cure of

CATARRH,
Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Tonsilitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Erysipelas, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

For **Scarlet Fever, Measles,** and all **contagious** diseases, it has no equal.

One trial will convince the most sceptical. | Indispensable in every household.

Mothers who will once test its efficacy for these dreaded diseases and as a disinfectant, will never be without it.

Free trial at office. Send for circulars with testimonials. For sale by all druggists.

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You Can Get Nothing Better Than the Best.

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RANGES ARE THE BEST

Quick, sure and even bakers, economical with fuel, and are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every particular with proper use.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON.

of Christ. In this work every member of the family should join from Grandmama down. Friends and relatives may all be pressed into the service to contribute from their files of illustrated magazines and religious weeklies the pictures which will illustrate the New Testament story of Jesus. The Christmas and Easter numbers are especially full of these treasures but many other issues contain illustrated articles on the Old Masters from which material can be drawn. McClure's, Munsey's, the National and other ten-cent magazines, the Churchman, the Congregationalist, the Watchman, are in high favor for this work. Cheap unmounted photographs may also be used.

The subjects should include the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Kings, Christ among the Doctors, as many scenes from the ministry as possible, Christ raising Lazarus, Christ before Pilate, the Prayer in the Garden, the Crucifixion, the Women at the Tomb, the Transfiguration, the Ascension. Combine these with views of Bethlehem, Jerusalem and other scenes in Palestine. Arrange subjects in chronological order and let the children hunt up appropriate texts to write across each page. The result will be one of the best household treasures, a boon for Sunday afternoons.

Trim the edges of the pictures neatly, leaving the printed title underneath. Apply paste smoothly with a brush, and put the book under a heavy press with newspapers between the leaves to absorb the moisture.

The "subject scrap-book" is preferably small, as of course one cannot in a short time find enough pictures of a given subject to fill a large volume and the child is discouraged by many blank pages. A little book which can be completed in a single afternoon affords a child great satisfaction as a finished piece of work — one volume of a series which he is to make into a sort of scrap-book library. And do not forget to put up a shelf for this collection.

Estelle M. Hurll.

Photograph of a Baby 13 mos. old, after living on Instantaneous Tapioca for four mos.

THE BABY'S FRIEND.

Especially valuable when change must be made from breast milk to material food.

Baby's Health and Growth depend upon proper nourishment. **INSTANTANEOUS TAPIOCA** meets this important requisite. U. S. Dispensatory says, "Tapioca is nourishing, strengthening, easily digested and destitute of irritating properties."

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Intelligent mothers will appreciate our preparation of this long-known natural food.

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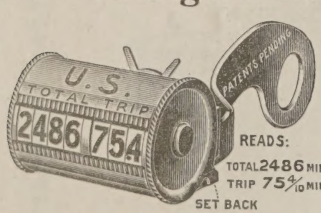
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.
FOR SALE BY NEARLY ALL GROCERS.

Trade Mark, "Instantaneous," Registered.

OUR OWLS On Each Package.

For Young and Old Riders

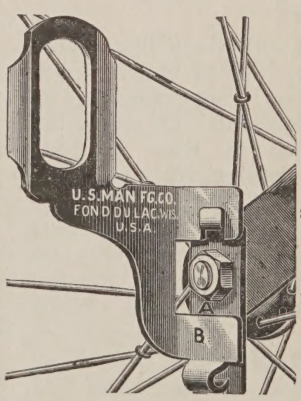


U. S. Trip Cyclometer

TWO IN ONE.

For 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-in. wheels,
Antique Copper or Polished Nickel.

PRICE, $1.25. Fully guaranteed.



U. S. Detachable Lamp Bracket Nickel Finish.

PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Bracket "B" is instantly removed with lamp, leaving only small clip "A" attached under axle nut.

Bracket is left on the lamp, and both are put on or removed together.

U. S. Manufacturing Co., Fond du Lac, Wis.

AN ALPHABET RHYME.

Should U C B—B,
On your sweet P—P,
I give to U A Q:
If U B Y—Y,
U close your I—I,
Nor let a B C U.
I can C B—B C—C P—P at E—E,
And so Y C can *U*!

A B X L—L all as a T—T,
But a B has X Q—Q;
If there R N A little B—B,
He O—O food for their U—U.
So pleasure U can C—C,
By sharing P—P with B—B.

Lizzie E. Johnson.

The right reading of this ingenious little rhyme will be published in the September LITTLE FOLKS, also the answers to the easy riddles in the March number. The names of all who send right answers shall be given also in September LITTLE FOLKS. Send answers to "Editors Little Folks," Warner, N. H.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best,

Anyone can find two people who will subscribe for such a beautiful magazine as LITTLE FOLKS, and the publisher will send it free for a year to anyone who sends two subscribers. A sample to show will be sent free.

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Honestly made—Honestly priced.
Agencies in every city.
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Children Teething.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over **Fifty Years** by **Millions of Mothers** for their **Children while Teething**, with **Perfect Success**. It **Soothes** the **Child**, **Softens** the **Gums**, **Allays** all **Pain**; cures **Wind Colic**, and is the best remedy for **Diarrhœa**. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Stops the Whoop in a Few Doses.

DELAVAU'S REMEDY

Eases expectoration, checks and cuts short the dreaded Whooping Cough.

For Whooping Cough, Croup and the Ordinary Colds.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS; or N. E. cor. 6th and Wood Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

NIOBRARA, NEBRASKA.

Dear Little Folks:—You are going to come to us every month for a year, and I am ever so glad about it. I will tell you something about our trip when we moved from York, Nebraska, to Niobrara. We started about November 20, 1894. We had 3 wagons, a gardener's cart, and 7 horses. Mamma drove one wagon, behind which was trailed the cart. Papa drove the other wagons. One was a wagon in which was our chickens, for we brought them with us. The chicken wagon was fastened behind the other wagon. In the head wagon were all the heavy articles that we brought with us. To these two wagons were hitched four horses. Next to the wagon was a full grown team; for leaders, there were a pair of colts. Papa drove these and he had his hands full, I tell you. On the chicken wagon was our tent, and tent poles and picket ropes. In the cart was our camp stove, stove pipes, tent-pins and a lot of other things, so that the old cart was as full as it could be.

I had a little pony that led behind the chicken wagon. He was as stubborn as he could be. He would lay down on the ground and let the other horses pull him until he wore all the skin off his neck, for he only had a rope on. He did so much of that, that Papa took the rope off and told him to follow loose. But he did not wish to come and just stood right in the middle of the road, and teams that came along had to turn out of the road to please his sweet will. And so that was the last of my pony Billy. I was sorry to lose him for I love horses dearly, don't you?

One day, after the above happened, we stopped in a little town named Savage, and there seated on the sidewalk in front of a store, was a beautiful shining black cat with a white ring around his neck, four white feet, white breast, a white streak down the middle of his face, and a little pink nose. I begged Papa to ask for him and he did. The store man said he could have him. Nobody knows how glad I was when Papa brought kitty to the wagon and said I could have him. The cat was very friendly with all of us and was soon my pet. I named him Bappy. After we got up here I lost him, and I shall never forget his handsome face.

On the way up here I saw many things that pleased me. On Thanksgiving day we laid over, for it was too cold to go on. A farmer's wife came over to see us. She wanted us to come up to her house to sleep, for she knew that we would freeze in the wagons. But we did not go in. They put our horses in their barn that night, and fed them too, and would not take a cent of pay. The lady took me home with her one day, and when I went back I had a pail of fresh sweet milk and a lovely roll of butter. We shall always remember those kind folks with kindest regards.

I will tell you the names of the horses we had. Mamma drove a large blind horse; his name was Charlie; his mate's name was Dan. Both were faithful horses. The horses Papa drove were Brownie and Dick; the leaders were Beauty and Jim. We have Brownie yet, and no amount of money will buy her. She is the family pet.

Rossie B. Lambrigger.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

Dear Little Folks:—You are very nice, and my little girls are delighted with you; they have read you through many times. They always enjoy the "guessing stories," and they were charmed with the story of "Arabella and Araminta." My little Helen said it "would be the nicest story that ever was born, if it had only told the names of the baby twins." *J. E. Atkinson.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I thought I would ask you if you do not think Mrs. Foot's little grandson is a very pretty little fellow. His picture was in the first Baby Show in the magazine. Mrs. Foot has given me the paper for a year. We are having a vacation now.

My cousin Lillian lives in Springfield, Missouri, but she writes letters to me and I answer them. Sometimes I forget that she has written to me last and then it is a long time before we answer the letters.

I play dolls up in my play room very often, and my little brother plays with me. Even if he is a boy he doesn't care. *Alice E. Allen.*

WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I have taken your magazine from the very first number, and I have wanted to write to you for a long time. I am only eleven years old, but I read your stories to my little sister Clara, who likes "What Did the Black Cat Do? Guess!" I myself like best "Brave Baby Betty," "Those Queer Little Smiths," "Sweetheart's Piece," and "Some Long-Ago Easter Eggs."

My papa has a large incubator, and to-morrow we will have a lot of new chickens—"Easter chickens" I call them. I shall be very careful that my pet cat Trilby does not catch them, when they run around.

Are you going to have any doll stories that my doll Irene could act? We look for your magazine every month, and wish it came oftener.

I take music lessons, but it is hard work to practice—except on rainy days. *Dorothy Henry.*

GOLCONDA, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—My little cousin in Mississippi sent you to me, and I like you ever so much. Our pug dog "Bob" is awful cunning and he plays with us all the time. My big brother Theodore helps me write this but I tell him what to say. I earned a nickel not long ago for counting to twenty. I am only five years old. *Harry Steyer.*

P. S. Please send blanks and envelopes so I can get "scribers."

ABILENE, KAN.

Dear Little Folks:—Mama always has taught me at home until this fall. I am eight years old, and that is when I started to school. I took you to school one day, and Miss Jacobs read about the boy who slid down a board to wear out his pants. Then Barney Parker stood up and said, "If I was that boy's mother I'd put wooden breeches on to him!" Ben and I enjoy you very much. I can read some of the stories to Ben. I am going to speak "The Fiddling Fiddle" some day. I live two miles from school, and papa has to take me back and forth every day. I never have been absent but twice and always 100 in deportment and punctuality. Ben has too big a head to go to school yet. Ben is my little brother.

Esther Haskell.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

My Dear Little Folks:—Your March number is with us, and quite as full of dear little interesting things, as either of your other numbers. Although you are but 4 months old, I assure you you meet quite as glad a welcome from me—a Mamma—as you do from my little girl. Your coming into our home was as a birthday gift to her.

Next month is *April*, so full of glee and fun for the little people—the privileges of *April first* I mean.

One day a little girl, then scarcely six years, said to her Mamma, "I do think God is good to give us a holiday!" The Mamma replied to her happy brown eyes, "Why, little one, what do you mean by God's holiday?" The reply came promptly, "I mean, *one day* in the year when it is not wicked to tell stories —*April Fool's* Day, you know!"

I think you will soon hear from my little daughter, who will herself thank you for your delightful magazine. *A. E. S. Stearns.*

STILLWATER, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I thought I would write to you because I never wrote before to any magazine. I have a little cousin that takes you and she likes it very well.

I am going to tell you about my pets. I have a turkey, a dog, a donkey, two cats, and some chickens. My turkey will eat out of my hand; my dog will shake hands, stand up, and dance; I can ride my donkey; and one of my cats will mew when I go home.

I live at Baird, but mamma teaches at Stillwater, I never went to anybody but mamma. I am taking examination now. I have two little twin cousins. but they don't look one bit alike. One has dark hair and the other light hair. They are cute. I take music lessons. *Annie Laura Bass.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy only 8 years old. I will write you my letter what I made up myself. Saturday is the best of all days in the week. Then is the time for fun in the house, when it is stormy. Then I paint pictures, as I would like to be an artist when I get big. And my brother and I play ball together. But my brother is only 1 and ½ years old, and yet he can throw pretty far away.

Albert Hillman.

NEW MADRID, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old and go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Martine B. LaPierre. I am like Alice Stockham; I have a good Grandma, and she is learning me to cook too. I can make beds, and wash dishes and take care of baby Paul for mamma.

Hattie T. Meatte.

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"My baby would have died but for 'The Best Nurser.'" SAYS DR. WILLIAMS OF TULANE UNIVERSITY, N.O. "We recommend it most warmly."—N. Y. INFANT ASYLUM. "A God-send to babies."—DR. TURNBULL, ST. LOUIS.

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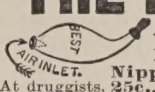

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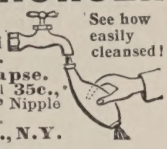

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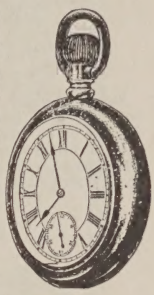

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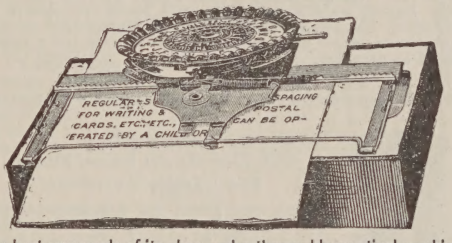

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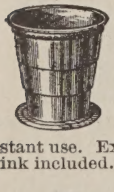
The **"Hanover"**; 24-inch wheels; wood rims; pneumatic tires; gear from 48 to 60; weight 21 lbs. The frame is 18 inches high. The pedal cranks are 5½ inches long, and the saddle may be raised 2 or 3 inches. This size machine fits most children between 8 and 12. Every bicycle is guaranteed. Cash price $25.

You may take your own time in getting the subscribers; and if you want to know how *you may have the bicycle right away*, to help you get the subscribers, I will explain fully if you ask for the information.

NOTE: Any one may get subscriptions. Send in the names at frequent intervals, to be credited to the sender. Should you fail to obtain the required number of names, other premiums may be chosen (or a liberal cash commission).

In the May number were given premium offers of bicycles for all ages from the 5-year-old to the 75-year-old.



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The "Little Aeronaut."

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The "Little Aeronaut" is a captivating toy. The parachute is thrown into the air by means of a "throw stick" (included). The parachute opens and floats slowly to the ground. Price, each, 25 cents.

What is Thought of Little Folks.

Extracts from letters received from subscribers.

Let me congratulate you upon your good little magazine; it is just what we need for those children who are not old enough for "St. Nicholas" and "Round Table."

Very truly yours,
MAY LOWE.

"Little Folks" is charming. I congratulate you. Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH HILL.

It is a children's magazine that ought to be in every house where there are small children, for it is the nicest magazine for young children that I have yet seen; the reading is so clean and enjoyable, at the same time so instructive.

My little girl is almost five and she has never enjoyed any of her books or little novelties as she has her "Little Folks." She takes one to bed with her, "just to look at a picture or two before she goes to sleep."

Yours very truly,
MRS. OSCAR HALLAM.

We think "Little Folks" the very best child's magazine we have ever taken and our Kitty looks anxiously for it each month.

Yours truly,
MRS. DAVIS B. BROWN.

The little boy of eight years can hardly wait the intervening time between the magazines and hears the stories over and over again with as much apparent interest as when they first come.

Yours truly,
MRS. WALLACE A. HILL.

My little daughter is delighted with them and can hardly wait for the next number. I predict a brilliant future for the little magazine.

Yours truly,
MRS. L. C. REBER.

We find "Little Folks" redeeming all its promises, it increases in interest and beauty with every number. Yours truly,
ERNEST CLARK.

My little four and a half year old girl can hardly wait from one month to another for "her magazine." Yours truly,
E. S. OWEN.

The whole family became very much interested in its contents; so much so that I beg you will send it to me for a year.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM BENBONE.

I think your magazine the very best and brightest ever published for little ones and wish it unprecedented success.

Cordially,
LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

My daughter thinks your magazine the very best published for little folks and as she is a Kindergarten teacher she knows something of what is pleasing to children.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. M. L. NUTTING.

To be entitled to premiums, the names and full subscription price ($1 each) must be sent direct to the publisher, not through an agent. You must not include a name from your own family, nor pay for another's subscription. Address all orders and inquiries to

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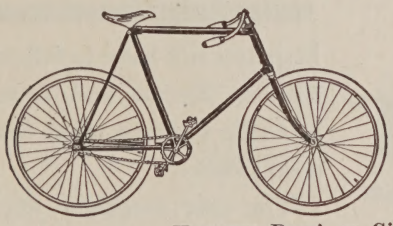

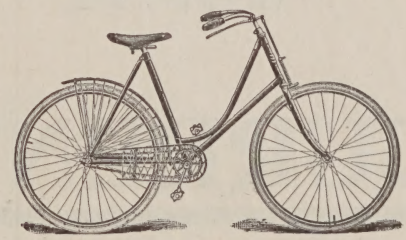

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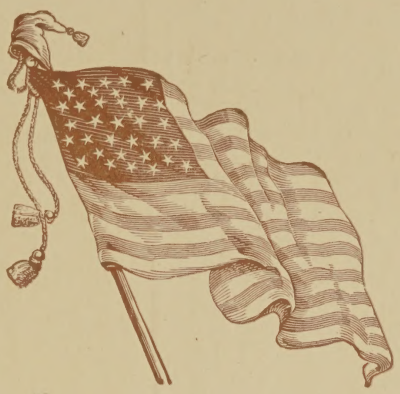

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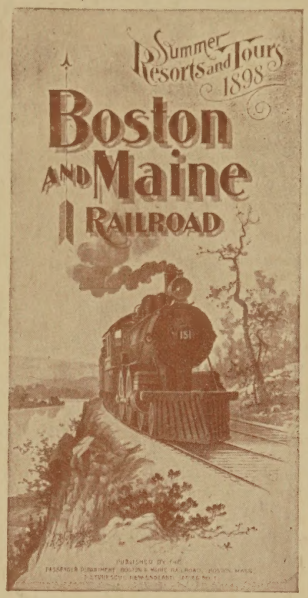

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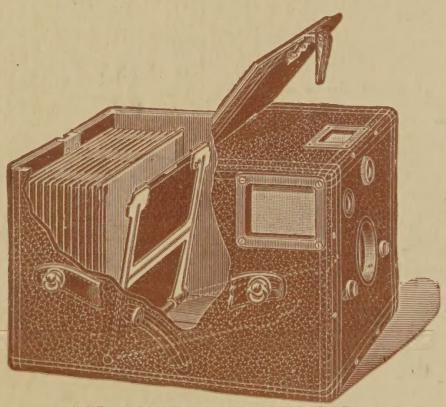

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